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FINE CLOTHING

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Evolution of Conduct.

In an article on the "Morality of Happiness," published in the *Popular Science Monthly*, Thomas Foster says: In the lower races of man as at present existing, and in still greater degree among the lower races when the human race as a whole was lower, we see that the adjustments of external actions to obtain food, to provide shelter against animate and inanimate enemies, and otherwise to support or to defend life, are imperfect and irregular. The savage of the lowest type is constantly exposed to the risk of losing his life either through hunger or cold, or through storm, or from attacks against which he has not made adequate provision. He neither foresees nor remembers, and his conduct is correspondingly aimless and irregular. The least provident, or rather the most improvident, perish in greatest numbers. Hence there is an evolution of conduct from irregularity and aimlessness by slow degrees toward the regularity and adaptation of aims to ends, seen in advancing civilization. The ill-adjusted conduct which diminishes the chances of life dies out in the struggle for life, to make way for the better-adjusted conduct by which the chances of life are increased. The process is as certain in its action as the process of structural evolution. In either process we see multitudinous individual exceptions. Luck plays its part in individual cases; but inexorable law claims its customary rule over averages. In the long run, conduct best adapted and adjusted to environment, is developed at the expense of conduct less suitable to the surroundings.

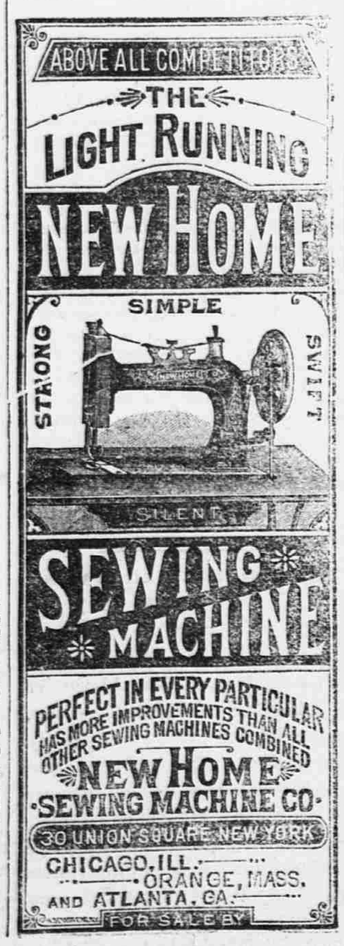
With man, as with all orders of animals, conduct which tends to increase the duration of life, prevails over conduct having an opposite tendency. Wherefore, remembering the ever-varying conditions under which life is passed, the evolution of conduct means not only the development of well-adjusted actions, but the elaboration of conduct to correspond with those diverse and multitudinous conditions.

Gold in New South Wales.

Notwithstanding the search for gold has been carried on for thirty years in the colony of New South Wales, new deposits are continually being discovered, some of them in localities which were supposed to have been thoroughly examined. Some of the fields recently discovered promise to equal in extent and richness any discovered in the early days, while the oldest fields, though apparently exhausted, so far as the miner, unaided by capital and skill is capable of exhausting them, yet contain deposits of gold which will yield a rich harvest to the skilled miner who shall bring to bear upon them appliances such as are being successfully employed elsewhere. Gold has always been found in association with certain formations, and the extent of country occupied by these is seventy thousand square miles, or nearly one-fourth of the whole area of the colony—a considerable portion of which has not been touched by the pick and hammer.

A "sound" sleeper—one who snores.

Bulwer was correct; there is no such word as fail; it is mollified down into assignment.



RAPID REPORTERS.

How the Debates in Congress Are Short-handed—The Official Stenographers.

John J. McElhone, the chief of the official stenographers of the House, says the Washington *Post*, has been in the service of that body as an official reporter since 1849. He was an expert stenographer when a mere boy. When he was 13 years old he was reporting the official debates. Dennis Murphy, the chief of the senate staff, began his official work for congress six months earlier than McElhone. Both are from Philadelphia. McElhone is a very tall, straight, vigorous, good-looking man. He has more the air of a dashing soldier than that of a civilian. His eyes are clear and resolute, his nose straight, while his military moustache and imperial accentuate his appearance of vigor and energy. He is a very cultivated man, and few members have such a thorough knowledge of public affairs as McElhone. It is strange that none of the young stenographers of Washington, who are looking forward to fill the places of the official stenographers of congress, are not doing something to qualify themselves for the work. The average stenographer looks only to the mechanical part of his work, without a thought of how necessary to his final success is the possession of a thoroughly broad and comprehensive education.

Mr. McElhone explained the other day his method of working. It will probably be a revelation to the average reporter. He pays no attention to the mechanical part of its work. He writes the Pitman system in its simplest forms. When he is reporting a speaker he follows his every sentence, criticising it and taking in fully its sense, while his hand follows his thought like a bit of exquisitely trained mechanism. The result is that he has never yet met a speaker who can talk too fast for him. When he meets a man who can think faster than he can, then only will McElhone be at a loss. He says that in the last house the three hardest men to report were Thompson, of Iowa; Blackburn, of Kentucky, and Ranney, of Massachusetts.

The hardest piece of reporting ever done by McElhone was during the exciting incidents of the electoral count in the house of representatives in 1877. When Beebe, of New York, jumped upon his desk, perfect bedlam appeared to be let loose. To report what was said, with 20 or 30 members apparently talking at once, must have seemed almost an impossibility. In less than a second McElhone saw that his reputation as one of the greatest of living reporters was at stake. He seized his note-book and dashed right into the center of the excitement. The voice of every member was familiar to him. Without turning his head he stood erect amid the wildest confusion and caught with rigid accuracy the words of the most distant speaker. He was very nervous over the result, because if any member at that time had by chance been omitted from the page of history of that day McElhone would have been the subject of many a row. None of the members believed that he had been able to get them all, yet when his report came out in the Record the next day, not one had a single word of fault to find. In fact, it is the only perfect picture of that exciting period. It was one of the greatest feats of stenographic reporting ever done in congress. When McElhone had finished he was bathed in perspiration from head to foot and was as weak as if he had been running in a ten-mile match.

The Lighting of Streets and Dwellings.

Most people have no hesitation in saying that it will be electricity. But the scientists say that involves too much cost. Electricity is developed by violence; that is, by waste and the disturbance of atoms of matter, which is necessarily expensive. For sensational uses, for spectacles, for the lighting of city squares, streets and parks, where expense is a minor consideration, the electrical light will, of course, be employed; but the great mass of the community will never be able to use this costly illuminator to banish the darkness from their humble dwellings. Nature has been searched to find how light can be generated under the cheapest conditions, and the glow-worm has been hit upon as furnishing a hint for the cheap but effective domestic light of the future. The various insects which emit flashes of light in the dark, do so with an exceedingly small expenditure of mechanical force. It has been suggested that curtains, wall paper, and the coverings of furniture could be so prepared, that, by a slight disturbance of the air, they would emit a steady but mellow light at a cost of far less than a candle or kerosene lamp. Scientific men are now at work on this problem, and if it should be successfully solved, it would be a very great benefit to the poor of all nations.

HUNTING SEA ELEPHANTS.

A Man's Strange Three Years' Life on a Lonely Island.

A New York longshoreman, who spent three years on a lonely island hunting sea elephants, gives a reporter the following account of his adventures: "The fisheries there are of two general kinds—sea elephant and fur seals. The elephants took about all our time. I got into it first by accident. I shipped on a bark for Cape Town, left her there on account of a difference betwixt me and the mate, and being broke, I shipped again in what they called a sealer for a three years' cruise. I didn't know anything about it, and after about a month's cruising to the south'ard they put five of us ashore in a place called Heard Island, about the most forsaken place you can think of, and after leaving us provisions, such as they were, the schooner sailed, and that was the last we saw of her for two years and six months. During that time three of the men died. Heard island is a rocky island in about the same latitude as the Straits of Magellan, about twenty-five miles long and five or six wide, and from the landing about all you could see was mountains and glaciers. Six of the latter can be seen from Whiskey Bay, pouring down from a big mountain called Big Ben, about 7000 feet high. Some of the glaciers breast the sea with a front several hundred feet high, and every once in a while they break off with a crash that you could hear five miles away. In fact, there was nothing but ice, and where the rock was clear there was nothing growing to speak of. The only way to make a house was to dig a hole in the ground and cover it over with canvas, and in winter we nearly froze. All the streams froze up, and the ground was covered with snow; the only water we had was that melted.

"About the curiousest thing is that when we have cold weather here, say December, it's in the middle of summer there. July is the coldest month, but the place is in a regular gale, you might say, the year around, and only about once a week is there a chance to get ashore during the year. On the shore were trees, at least trees in shape, just as natural as life, but made out of solid rock. No, they wasn't petrified, but were big rocks that had come down in the glacier from above, and been cut by the blowing sand into all sorts of shapes, and changing all the time. Above was a big plain, with bones strewn around, enough to make a nervous man wish he was home. There were thousands of them—sea leopards, sea lions, and great whale bones, as if all the animals had been dragged there; and the strangest part of it was that although they were not near the beach, they were arranged in great layers, as if the tide had washed them up—a curious sight, I can tell you.

The seal fisheries didn't amount to much, and most of the time was spent in killing sea elephants, and rough work it was. The animals had been hunted so much that they only came ashore on one part of the island called Long Beach, and where there was a heavy sea breaking all the time; so the only way to do was to drive the animals off shore and keep them off, so that they would come ashore in other places where they could be killed. The long beach was covered with thousands of elephants in regular herds, like cattle, about fifty to a lot, and each under the head of a big male called the beach master. Our business was to take long seal-skin whips, sail into the herds, and drive them off, which was no fool of a job. We walked along about an eighth of a mile apart, and had some close scrapes sometimes. Some of the beach masters were thirty feet long, and weighed three tons. They didn't seem to know what fear meant, and you could walk right among them, and give them the whip right and left, and then the roaring and flopping commenced. Fight? I should say so. There was a 'Portug' with our gang that was about as reckless a chap as I ever see. He'd rush into a crowd and run right up on the back of a big fellow and lather it with his whip for a minute, and then slide off. One day he did this when we were in a crowd of big ones. His foot slipped, and he slid right over the critter's shoulders, and the next minute the bull had him. He had on a thick canvas shirt and overhauls, and by the slack of the latter the bull grabbed him and tossed him six feet in the air, his whip going one way and he the other. He landed in the sand all right.

"But the worst fights I saw were between the bulls themselves. If a young bull got into a herd by mistake, it was good-by John. The old bull would take him by the neck, tear great pieces of skin off, and if he could get a good hold toss him ten or twelve feet up, and when he landed, grab him again, and in the long run sometimes, kill him. When we got the elephants off shore they swam around to another beach where the water was smooth, and here we shot them or knocked the smaller ones over with clubs, and tried out the blubber for oil, and barreled it up. To get to this beach you had to cross two glaciers, and there we had huts and lived part of the time."

"Were there any other animals there?"

"Never saw anything except birds. They made up for the rest. There were millions of 'em; big birds called the albatross and another called the killer—a gull three times as big as these fellows you see down the bay. They were just like eagles; didn't eat fish, but killed other birds and ate meat; and when we set to skinning an elephant, I tell you it was nip and tuck sometimes. Why, I've seen them gulls make a rush at a bull we were at work on, and light right on the critter, and tear the meat right out of our hands, so that we'd have to stop and go for them with clubs. The air would be black with them, and the noise was enough to set you crazy. One of the gulls came near killing one of the men, and then saved his life after all. He was climbing over the glacier, when the bird made a dash at him and knocked him off. The man threw out his arm and grabbed the bird by the leg, and down they both went, sliding about a hundred and fifty feet, the bird flopping and half holding him up, and that was all that saved him.

"Some time in the year the elephants immigrate, and when they come back the young ones are born. There's a curious thing—the young critters suck for a while and then are left on the beach, actually growing fat without anything to eat. These we never killed. The young ain't white like seals, but black, and don't show the snout until they get three years old or so. That's what they are called sea elephants for, as they have a sort of a trunk that is about ten inches long, and when they get mad it's blown up in some way, and looks like a regular elephant's trunk. It's the worst life and business a man ever struck. New York's good enough for me. I'm taking my seals at Central Park now."

Some Noted Sayings.

A letter to an English paper from the grandson of one of Nelson's aids at the battle of Trafalgar, gives the true origin of his famous order to his squadron.

The admiral gave the order to telegraph to the whole fleet, "Nelson expects every man to do his duty to-day," It was found that the word "Nelson" would require six sets of flags to be displayed in succession.

Time passed. A Lieutenant Browne, looking over the code-book, found that "England" could be sent up with but one flag, and suggested that the order run, "England expects every man to do his duty:" to which Nelson heartily consented. Hence the eloquent touch which thrilled all Britain to the heart, was due to a deficiency in the signal-code.

Many of the finest sayings recorded of great men owe their origin to accident. Goethe's dying words, "More light!" are said to have referred only to the opening of a window, and not to any prophetic dawn in the world of German thought. Webster's triumphant "I still live!" in the light of cold fact, appears to have been spoken in consequence of the physician's order to "give him the medicine at a certain hour, if he still lived." It was with a gesture toward the cup that Webster used the words so long misunderstood and memorable as his last.

Another sentence which became the rallying cry for defenders of the Union during the Civil War originated in a joke. In 1832 the followers of Calhoun, incensed at the public demonstrations on Washington's birthday, issued invitations for a State banquet on the birthday of Jefferson. General Andrew Jackson, on opening his invitation, drily remarked that the meeting apparently was intended to celebrate not the memory of Jefferson, but the glory of Calhoun and his pet hobby of nullification. "I'd like," he added chuckling, "to send a broadside into him." After a moment's thought, laying down his pipe, he wrote a courteous note of refusal, and begged leave, according to custom, to send a toast. It was, "The Federal Union. It must and shall be preserved."

The toast having been sent by the President, could not be ignored. It was read, and the shouts of applause with which it was received, and of laughter from those who appreciated the President's grim joke, fixed it in the memory of the public, by whom it was made a household word, until the Civil War gave it new and terrible significance.—*Youth's Companion.*

Cloud-Land.

'Tis a curious land, and its broad shores lie
In the purple distance of evening sky.
Have you seen the ships with their sails of white,
With their pennons of gold and crimson light
Beat fast that way from the pirate night?

Swift, swift they go into billows of snow,
Into currents of blue, till lost to view
They enter the harbor of cloud-land wide,
Where the fairy ships rock safe from the tide,
The voyage o'er and the night defied.

Oh, these argosies in the evening skies
Are rich with a freight of fantasies;
Dreams that may never come to pass,
Loves that die e'er they live, alas!
And far on that shore we may not see
They fade in a color mystery.

—*Marie Le Baron.*

HUMOROUS.

A head gardener—the barber.

Laureate Tennyson wrote his first verses where the average saloon-keeper puts his reverses—on a slate.

Courting a girl is paying her addresses. Marriage is paying for her dresses and all the other fixings.

There is one good thing about leap year, and that is that leap year jokes can only be used once in four years.

Why isn't a turkey like a girl? Because a dressed girl will walk about and a dressed turkey won't. And vice versa the other way.

A Toronto man waited until he was eighty-three years old before he got married. That's like running three miles to get a good start for a fourteen inch jump.

"Your cheek is an awful temptation to me," he exclaimed, as he looked admiringly at her fresh, young face." "Your cheek must be an awful burden to you," she replied, glancing at him suspiciously.

When a man's wife comes in and sees him, razor in hand, and with his face all over lather, and asks him: "Are you shaving?" it's a provoking thing to answer: "No, I'm blacking the stove," but it's human nature to so reply.

A mother can call "Johnnie, it's time to get up," for three hours without making any impression; but when the old man steps to the foot of the stairs and shouts "John!" Johnnie takes his breakfast with the rest of the family.

It was at the close of the wedding breakfast. One of the guests arose, and, glass in hand, said:—"I drink to the health of the bridegroom. May he see many days like this." The intention was good, but the bride looked as if something had displeased her.

Excited lover: "What does this mean, mademoiselle? What do I read in this letter? 'At 2 o'clock to-morrow I will throw myself at your feet.'" Mademoiselle, who never loses presence of mind: "You horrible, jealous old darling—it's simple enough—it's my corn doctor."

The "wishbone" wedding has become the correct thing. The couple stand beneath a floral wishbone. After the ceremony the bride and groom are given the wishbone to pull. The tug results in a break somewhere, and whoever holds the long piece is absolved from getting up to build fires in the morning.

A Colorado Mining Town.

It does not take many days to build the kind of town miners are willing to live in, and they don't care what sort of a place they put it in, either, if it is only near the mines. It may be in the very midst of a pine forest, or out on the steep, bare side of a mountain, all stones and rocks. They cut down a few trees, and leave all the stumps standing; or they clear away the biggest of the stones, enough to make a sort of street; and then every man falls to and builds the cheapest house he can, in the quickest way; sometimes of logs, sometimes out of rough boards; often only with one room, very rarely with more than three. When they wish to make them very fine they make the end, fronting the street, what is called a "battlement front"; that is, a straight square wall, higher than the house, so as to convey the impression that the house is much bigger than it is. It is a miserable make-believe, and goes farther than any other one thing to give to the new towns in the West a hideous and contemptible look. These log cabins, board shanties and battlement fronts are all crowded as near together as they can be, and are set close to the street; no front yards, no back yards, no yards at the side,—but, around the whole settlement a stony wilderness. It isn't worth while to put anything in order, because there is no knowing how long the people will stay. Perhaps the mines will not turn out to be good ones; and then everybody will move away, and in very little more time than it took to build up the town it will be deserted. There are a great many such deserted towns in Colorado and California. They always seem to me to look like a kind of grave yard.—*St. Nicholas.*